

MOTHER JONES'S ARM MARCHES VALIANTLY ON

Undaunted By Heat and Dust,
Her Force of Down-Trodden
Toilers from Philadelphia
Moves Across Jersey, Bent on
Invasion of New York.

BRISTOL, PA., POLICE
STOP ARMY AT BRIDGE.

(Fearless Woman Leader Cries
Out Against Child Labor and
Proclaims Herself the Cham-
pion of the Children of the
Textile Mills.

(Special to The Evening World.)
BRISTOL, Pa., July 8.—An head-
ing this march of textile workers to
New York to call the attention of the
country to the awful condition of child
labor which exists in the mills.

"The army is coming from Torrington
Park and will soon be here," said
Mother Jones, as she sat at the station
of the Philadelphia, Bristol and Trenton
Electric Railway at Croydon and wait-
ed the arrival of her army.

"Money seeks to expand and this is
the line of least resistance and this is
found by employing children at from \$1
to \$1.50 a week of sixty-six hours. Labor
needs the money, or the parents of the
children think they do, and it is in this
condition which makes violation of the
laws easy and human life cheap.

"Pennsylvania statutes say that chil-
dren under thirteen years of age shall
not labor, but infants of ten years old
are thrown into the mills by their par-
ents and are grabbed by the mill super-
intendents. The life of a ten-year-old
child who works in the textile mills is
very brief, a few years, that is all."

"The Girl I Left Behind Me."
Mother Jones stopped, leaned forward
and listened. Down the dusty State
road from the back of the mill, a
column of fifes playing "The Girl I Left
Behind Me." The royal blue serge
which carries the marchers, the
break in the trolley line between Bristol
and Croydon, drove up and dumped its
human freight.

"What's the row, Billy?" inquired the
driver of the stage of the engineer of
the power house.
"Mother Jones's army coming a-
marchin' to New York. That's her in
the black dress, with the white and
blue ribbons proclaimed the chief
marshal. His blue serge suit was
tinged with yellow, and the Canaan
hat was pushed back from a steaming
forehead. His shoes were caked with
dust, but this did not prevent his dia-
mond ring from sparkling. Back of
Marshal Sweeney was the band of six-
teen pieces—flutes and brass drums.
Close to the band was a lad carrying
an American flag.

Banners of Hope.

There were plenty of banners in the
army which read, "More schools—less
hospitals," "Fifty-five hours or nothing,"
"Prosperity is here, where is ours?" and
others of similar import.

Three cheers were given by the army
for Mother Jones before they broke
ranks. By accident, the host, which
marched in sets of two, numbered
ninety-eight. A vanguard of eight had
gone to Bristol by trolley to prepare
dinner, so there are one hundred and
six men and boys and six women
marching on Wall street and the office
of J. Pierpont Morgan, which they ex-
pect to reach on Saturday.

There are about twenty boys march-
ing, not only of whom looks the Canaan
than fourteen years old. They are thin,
round-shouldered and anemic. Back of
the boys came the men, in tin plates
and tin cups fastened to their sus-
penders. The sun beat down on them
without mercy and sweat and dust
streaked their faces. "Marching when
the mercury registers nearly 90 degrees
is no fun," said Sweeney, mopping his
face.

No Bums in the "Army."

"I wish you would say in The Even-
ing World as coming from me," broke
in Mother Jones, who stood surrounded
by her "army." "That every man, boy
and woman with me is honest, sober,
industrious and belongs to the union.
There are no bums, drunks or thieves
with us. Before we left Torrington
Park this morning, I sent about two
hundred back to Philadelphia.

"We have no use for people who will
disgrace us. By this afternoon every
person marching to New York with me
will wear a card signed by me. So any
charitable person who gives food or
shelter to any of my people will know
that aid has been extended in the
right direction."

"Last night the women slept in the
reception room of the Red Lion Inn at
Torrington Park. We had breakfast
there this morning and the proprietor,
Samuel Conn, refused to take a cent
from us. He also gave the boys coffee
gruels. They slept under the park build-
ings."

"I don't know where we shall stop to-
night. Certainly we are not going to
Bristol and get into trouble. But we
do want to hold a meeting there to-
night, and some of the advance guard
are trying to make arrangements for it."

The "Army" Marches On.

After a brief rest Sweeney shouted
"Fall in!" and the army took up its
march. In its ranks are representatives
of the wet, Turkish towel, cloth, up-
holstery, hostelry, woollen and worsted
yarn weavers, seamstresses and twisters
and loom fixers, all members of the Textile
Workers Union. Another mile brought
the marchers to the advance guard,
which was camped in the shade of
Silas Shack's Locust Trees, just west of
Otter Creek bridge. Half of the police
force of Bristol was mobilized on the
parade of the bridge watching the
army.

"Hi!" yelled Policeman Tice, "are ye
comin' into Bristol?"

On being informed that the army was
encompassed for dinner and would not
enter the town they advanced on
Mother Jones and the boys, who were
discussing soup, canned corned beef,
bread and butter and coffee.

DEAD IN THE RIVER.

Red-Haired Man of 20, About 5 Feet

6 Inches Tall, Picked Up.

The body of an unidentified man was
picked up in the East River off Pier 45
this morning. There were no marks of
violence on it. The man had evidently
been in the water some days.

In life the man was about twenty-
nine years old, five feet six inches tall,
and weighed 140 pounds. He had red
hair and was dressed in blue underwear,
a checked shirt, black trousers and lace
socks.

WOMAN LEADER OF ARMY OF INVASION HEADED TOWARD THIS CITY, AND A DETACHMENT OF HER FORCES

